O. E. PAUL, Publisher.

SAVANNAH, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

VOL. II.--NO. 6.

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### A Domestie Wife.

BY ALICE CAREY. 'Tis you, my love, I know that bill!
How shilly you must be;"
Bring up the rocking-chair, Estell,"
"Kate, hurry on the tea."

"How glad I am!" "Now make haste, Kate, And have thinks nice—d' you hear? Use the new China and the plate As if six guests were here."

"Be sure the toast's an even brown --My love, you like it so?
What news is stirring down in town?"
"Estell, just run below,

" And tell the girl she may prepare

Some oysters and prunes.
(We've had of late such wretched fare).
And to rub up the spoons." 'Kater! a tidler table-cloth.

And not the one we've had.

All stained with coffee and with broth.

It really was too bad. "Twist pretti's the napkins up,

Don't Katy, call us down to sup, Until you are baking cakes."

"D' you say what news there was? Now there She's zone, and I forgot To have her carry back your chair; You miss it, do you not?

" Pear, I've been mending up your clothes, Trying to care for all Your little wants - how hard it blows! Just hand me that old shawl.

"Not wrong-side-out-no matter, sweet-It looks so old and poor, I hate to wear it in the street Another time, I'm sure.

"Ehopping to-day—(but you're asleep), Buying shirts and things you know, I saw a cashmere—O, so cheap!— That would become me so."

Poor man, he heard the supper cook, He thought the shirts were new, And, taking out his pocket-book, He muttered—" Will that do?"

## A LEAF FROM A LIFE.

The simple facts recorded in this story occurred in a city not many miles from here. It would be impossible for such a case to happen in Chicago. We are the personification of Charity. We els, and this is Paradise! Therefore. I wish it distinctly understood that I write of a "pitiful case," as the pa-pers called it, which came under my

notice in a distant city, years ago.

As a rule, physicians are the most charitable of men. They may not give fortunes away in alms; but their time, which to them is money, is freely given to the suffering, in more cases than one might suppose, "without money and without price." It was upon a freezing cold night that a young physician step-ped into the warm, well-lighted office of a merchant prince. The doctor was poor and needy; his coat was worn and threadbaro, and furnished but little protection against the cold of the season, because he labored among the poor, and gave his time to those who were un-

able to pay for it. The merchant was a wealthy, pious, "eminently respecable" member of somair the promoter of charitable schemes, and criber to all charities-which were backed by influence, or conferred distinction upon the giver. The world at large honored his name; but the men in his employ were wont to smile my teriously when his charities were mentioned in their hearing, and one of them was once heard to remark that he "never knowed a man so well named." Now strange to say, this model man's name

was Cantter.
So, into Mr. Cantter's office the young physician walked with some trepidation; but, seing one of the world at large, was confident that he would be heard for he was on a begging expedition; not for hims: If—he would rather have died than beg-but for a poor boy who lay dying in a tenement house in Dead Man's row-lay dving of starvation. It was too late to save his life-that the doctor knew; but he hoped to raise sufficient money to make the boy comfortable for the remnant of life left him As he opened the door of the countingroom, he saw Mr. Cantter standing be fore the glowing grate-fire, declaiming bobly upon the beauties of true charity to his bookkeeper, who, being hard shed to live upon the pittance paid him by his employer, was not as en-

thusiastic as his employer would have -and has not charity, it profiteth him nothing," said Mr. Cantter, in a loud tone of voice, as the door opened, and the thought flashed through his mind that perhaps it was the pastor o his church. The doctor entered, and suddenly the flood of elequence which Mr. Cantter was pouring out upon the unresisting clerk was hushed, for he knew the doctor, and knew also that he was about to ask for money, and his hands came from behind his back, went into his pockets, and remained there The doctor, by way of beginning, re-marked upon the severity of the

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"Yes," said Mr. Cantter, "God help

The bookkeeper, bending over the edger, smiled to himself, but said noth-

The doctor hardly liked the expres mon upon the merchant's face, and the oily unction with which these words d from his mouth, but resolutely dashed at his subject. He depicted the sufferings of the dwellers in Dead Man's row; the tumble-down houses, admit ting the wind and snow at every corner; the famine which reigned in them; and then, excited by the troubles he had vitressed, he appealed to the merchant to help those who were unable to help

Warmth usually begets warmth, and is therefore singular, but not less true, that as the doctor warmed Mr. Cantter cooled, and when he had finished speaking that gentleman said : "I can do nothing for you. I am a

subscriber to the Magdalens' Home, the Esculapius Hospital, the Seamen's Refuge, the North Pole Missions, the

"But this it--"

"Tract Societies," continued Mr. Cantter, calmly ignoring the doctor, and many other charities. I find my tim entirely taken up, and I can beither spare time nor money to aid a of the grand organ, that he heard? Who can tell?

"agabond who may be deceiving you can tell?"

""I hear music, he murisured it the song of the angels, or the strains of the grand organ, that he heard? Who can tell?"

""I hear music, he murisured it is soing fast." whispered the

case of such utter wretchedness. A boy a little morsel of a child, dying for want of food," pleaded the doctor.

"I dare say," said Mr. Cartter; "but charity, to be effective, must be well di-rected. You must come to our church next Sunday. We have the finest preacher in the city, and, as his sermon is upon charity, you will no doubt be able to profit by his suggestions."

"But about the boy," said the doctor,

fearful that the conversation would wander away from the subject which interested him more than the sermon

which was in prospect.
"I can't squander money on such objects," said the merchant, again suddenly dropping from warmt 1 to cold. "I can give you a letter to the Poor Children's Home, and at the next meeting of the Board-" "D-n the Board said the doctor,

now thoroughly indignant.
"Profanity! And in my presence!"
exclaimed the mendicant. "You shock

me, sir."
"Shock you!" said the doctor. "Shock you! How have you shocked me with your lying talk of charity? Is it charity to go to a fine church, to listen to a sensational preacher? Is it charity to go to a luxurious home, to eat a grand dinner, and talk over the sermon? Is it charity to sit on a velvet sofa before a blazing fire—to look through French plate-glass windows at the houseless, hungry poor as they hurry by, and say, 'God help the poor?' Shame upon such charity—"
"Sir!" said Mr. Cantter. The book-

keeper smiled encouragingly upon the

speaker.
"Shame upon such charity, I say,"
"Shame upon such charity, I say," continued he, borne on by the flood of indignation. "A true, noble charity is the best thing upon earth; but a hypo-critical charity should be a weight suffi-cient to damn sny soul. "And, slam-ming the door to, the doctor strode

"I am truly shocked at that young man's reckless use of strong terms," said Mr. Cantter; "but," he added, reflectively, "let us hope that he will see the error of his ways and repent before it is too late. I hope, Mr. Strong, that you will take warning from him, and be more regular in your attendance at church. By the way, to morrow is Sunday, and you must come to our church and hear Mr. Highfalutin on "Charity."

The doctor, disheartened at his rebuff, and thoroughly indignant at the hypocrisy of which he had been a witness, paused irresolutely upon the cor-ner, and as he stood there he heard a quick step behind him; then a hand hurriedly thrust a small roll of money into his; and turning, he was just in time to see the form of Mr. Cantter's book-keeper disappearing in the gloom. The sum was small, but it was sufficient heart, the doctor went his way to Dead Man's row.

A narrow, filthy passage-way between two houses leads from the fine thoroughfare into a narrow, filthy court, and at the end of the court stands Dead Man's row, immediately in the rear of a fine church-Mr. Cantter's church. Why this name was ever conferred upon these tumble down old rookeries I am not able to state. Suffice it to say that they were so called, and at the first glance one was apt to acknowledge its suitableness.

As the doctor passed down the wretched-looking court he stopped one minute to shake his fist at the church looming up so grandly before him, then opened the door of one of the most wretchedlooking houses in the block. Up four pairs of creaking, swaying stairs he went, and then, having arrived at the garret, stooped to avoid the sloping roof, and entered a squalid, comfortless room. There was no furniture of any kind to be seen, and no fire. The wind blew in at the windows and the door, and snow had drifted in at the same place, and lay in little piles upon the floor.

A woman, clothed in rags, sitting by a straw pallet in one corner of the room, arose as he entered, and looked at him

inquiringly.
"Yes," he said, "after some trouble," "Thank the Lord for that!" she anwered, fervently. "The poor boy can die in peace, at any rate."

"I ordered the things sent up. Is he "Unconscious like," answered the woman. "His brain wanders a little at

times. A little morsel of a boy lay upon the ed—the unmistakable mark of famine in his face.

The doctor bent over him, and, looking into his face a moment, said to the woman, standing silent at his side : "His pain is over. He will probably live until morning, but he will never

again be conscious." "The long night passed, day dawned, and the boy still lived. The morning wore on, and church time came. Carpiages rattled up to the door of the church and discharged their loads of silks, satiss and broadcloths. The bowing ushers opened the doors of the

crimson-lined, luxurious pews, and the congregation slowly assembled.

"What do you know of chrity?" thought the doctor. "Here, not more than twenty feet from the pulpit of your church, poverty reigns supreme; yet not one of you all ever took the trouble to look here for a field of usefulness. You give a little from your abundance, and lume yourselves upon your charitable earts; and from that poor woman by the bed you might learn much. She cheerfully gives what she can—her time—in behalf of a boy she never saw be-

fore, and-" The organist of the church comnenced the voluntary, and an exclamation from the woman brought the docmoved unessily; ther a smile came up-on his wan face, a far-away look into his

eyes. I hear music," he murmured. Was

"There can be no deception in starva"Well, may be not; but I might be scing a recognized at the scing as th placing a premium on dishonesty, and ye disconsolate," came to them from the church. Again the far-away look "All worthy, no doubt; but this is a came into the boy's eyes, the smile ing under.

upon his lips; his thin, white hand stirred upon the bed, and, while the last strains still lingered upon the air, he turned his face to the wall, and so—

And as the man in a threadbare cost and the woman in rags knelt by his side and prayed silently, in the church the preacher, clothed in broadcloth, arose and gave out his text: "Charity covereth a multitude of sins "

Silks and satins rustled as their wearers seated themselves to listen, and the sermon went on, and in glowing lan-guage depicted the want and wretchedness of the poor; and the vast congregation listened with rapt attention. Upon the speaker, too, the subject took a hold, and by degrees his gestures became more natural and less studied, his phrases more carnest and less glitter-So the sermon went on, and at last,

after a thrilling appeal, the preacher raised his jeweled hands, cast up his eyes, and cried, as though in agony: "God help the poor!" and the vast con-gregation bowed, and softly murmured: "God help the poor!" And then-well, then the service was ended, and the preacher and congrega-

tion went home to their dinners, and left Charity entirely—in the hands of the Almighty.—Louis Dorr, in Chicago

Personal.

BEN. WADE is talked of for Cleveland's next postmaster. THE favorite song of the Siamese

"wins-"We were boys together." A MICHIGANDER sneezed from his nose, the other day, a minnie ball that had entered his eye during the war.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE lives in Alabama, and at the corner grocery he is a celebrated mellow drammer.

THE ardor of the New York Sun man has cooled since a printer made him say Away with the Bustle," instead of 'Away with the Bastile!"

IT is rumored that Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, seriously contemplates the removal of his newspaper to New York city. A TERRE HAUTE woman's pet puppy

recently swallowed a diamond ring on her finger while she was feeding him. He was considerably "cut up" about it soon afterward. GEN. SPINNER, in his forthcoming Trea-

ury report, alluding to the censcience fund, says \$2,997.42 has been received during the past fiscal year, and that the fund now amounts to \$129,124.77. JUDGE ROBINSON, at New York, last week, in a case where the fees charged

by the Sheriff were contested as illegal, the bill being for \$419, decided that the Sheriff could only legally collect \$19. THE war against Froude is really getting hot. Father Tom Burke, as the champion of traditional Ireland, we see it stated, has canceled ninety lecture

engagements to take a hand in it. The anti-English journals are also on the beels of the historian. Some admirer of Lewis Cass recommends that a tablet to his memory be set in the massive masonry of the Sault Ste. Marie canal, in commemoration of the eminent service which he did in

opening that pathway of commerce be-

tween Superior and the lower lakes. Two Ladies, named Shoonmaker and Spencer, residing in the same block on Jefferson street, Albany, last week died from starvation, the result of cancer in the stomach. In consequence of the terrible disease they were unable to retain any food in their stomachs, and for several days had partaken only of small

quantities of liquids, like tea and broth. FROUDE, the historian, is a nervous man, and when he speaks his body sways distressingly, and he hesitates for words and thoughts. A New York correspondent says of his recent speech at Scribner banquent in his honor: What with the apparent difficulty of delivery, the terrible monotony of inflection, and the peculiarly English ac-cent of Mr. Froude, the first portion of

his speech was well-nigh unintelligible." A raw days since an old sailor applied for lodging at the police station in San-dusky, having refused to go out on the schooner Erie, which left port that afternoon, for the reason that just before she started he saw a rat swimming ashore from the craft. He said it was an unfailing sign of disaster, and was quite iubilant the next day to hear that she nad gone down near Keiley's Island with all on board.

# The British Postoffice.

The penny post was introduced into England in 1839, and since then the increase has been marvelous. Single letters were before that time charged with a postage, varying according to distance, from twelve to eighteen pence

In 1872 there were 915,000,000 letters delivered, or twelve-fold over 1839; beside 75,000,000 cards at one haltpenny. and 72,000,000 telegraph communica tions passing through the Postoffice in 1872, a gross total of 1,062,000,000 messages, or thirty-three for each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. The annual increase for the previous two years was four per cent.; in 1872 it was fifty per cent. more, or six per cent. over 1871. Besides this there were 99,-000,000 newspapers and 133,000,000 books and packages distributed through the Postoffice in 1872.

Frost and Snow. Thorough plowing before the extreme old of winter sets in will amply repay the trouble that it costs now. To give the soil the full advantage of nature's fertilizers it ought to be well drained, but breaking it up answers the same purpose in a partial degree; for the air charged with rain or snow has freer access to it, and, passing through, leaves the soil in the spring mellow, finely pulverized, and in some mysterious maner richer than it was before. The deepest plowing and most laborious oultivation, in the spring, will not have a like effect. On this winter-seasoned soil a green crop may well be sown for turn-

#### Foreign Gossin.

ELEVEN thousand shilling subscriptions to the Burns Monument fund have been received in the city of Glas-

FERDINAND I., who abdicated the throne of Austria in 1848, in favor of Francis Joseph, is approaching his death. He is nearly 80 years of age.

THE Prussian Government has adopted the use of American fiber paper in the manufacture of bank notes, to prevent counterfeiting. The same paper is used exclusively in Washington.

THE displeasure of the Austrian Government with certain American jour-nals, it is said in Vienna, will probably lead to the imposition of five cents on every issue of political papers published in the United States.

Ex QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain still con-tinues to figure in social life in Paris, correspondent describes a grand birthday reception at her handsome abode in the Rue de Reservoirs, on which occasion about one hundred grandees of different nationalities gathered about the stout lady who is so remarkably ugly and uses a fan with such remarkable elegance.

THE present revenues of Hiawaii, Sandwich Islands, do not seem adequate to meet its expenses. The population, which numbered 130,316 in 1840, has steadily decreased, owing to disease and the absence of immigration, until, it is estimated, it does not number at this time more than 60,000 souls. Yet the Government expenditures for the fiscal Government expenditures for the fiscal charac cristic he possesses in an extraordin-year 1872 foot up \$1,130,241, nearly \$20 ary degree. Positively—ret cent, composed, for every inhabitant.

THE United Kingdom Savings' Banks report, just published, is almost startling. In England alone the deposits amounted, at the end of the year, to the enormous sum of \$155,000,000, which shows an average of more than \$7 per head for the entire population. In the whole United Kingdom the amount of such deposits exceeds \$285,000,000, not counting the sums deposited with the numerous friendly societies and similar associations.

LEANDER used to swim across the Hellespont for love of Hero, and Lord Byron, out of ambition, performed the same feat; and now Lieut. Moore and Gunner Maloney, of the British sloop-of war Shearwater, have followed these noble examples, swimming, on the 25th of October, from Abydos to Sestos The distance is about three miles, but the current lengthens the adventurous swimmer's course to about seven miles.

The modern name of the strait is the cral was served by such efficient subordinates

laid under Government supervision; wear rollar a mere boy and grown up more, royal oversight is taken of every rail.

No road can cross another or cross a highw y on the same level; bridges or life and the Mexican war kept him all the tunnels must be resorted to. It is a felony for a passenger to cross the track fro n one side of the station to the other Switchmen are choicely selected. A house is erected over the tracks, inclosed ed. The handles of the switches come up into this room. They are all numbered and are called "points," Conspicuous in the room is the painted warning, "Mind your points." switchmanmakes a mistake, something worse than dismissal awaits him. His offence is a crime, and the State will punish him by fine and imprisonment.

Two HUNDRED years ago Alsace and Lorraine underwent a similar but much severer depopulating and denstionalizing to the one of the present year. In October of 1860, Louis Fourteenth, after conquering, obtained possession of the province, set to work to turn the inhabitants into Frenchmen. The Cathedral was taken from its Protestant worshipers and given to Catholies. No Lutheran official was allowed. 'German names were replaced by French, and an order was given compelling all the women to adopt the French fashion in dress, and forbidding the men to wear the high-pointed hats of the country Enormous taxes were imposed, not only on men, women and children, but "six kreutzers on every cock and four kreutzers on every ten." The treasures which were kept at Nancy were all re moved to Paris, and for a while the French rule was as irksome as is the present German.

# Western Patents.

The following Western patents were issued from the United States Patent Office for the week ending October 22 1872, as reported by Gridley & Warner, Patent Attorneys, No. 135 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. :

Back-lash spring for machinery-Hiram W. Backman, McLean.
Compound to prevent incrustation in steam boilers-William Pearson, Chicago.
Base-burning stove-Mark A. Cushing, Au-

Machine for polishing marble and wood—John C. Mateer. Kankakee.
Plow—Chester Nash. Bacon.
Mode of operating sewing-machine—John Phunister, Galesburg.
Revolving grate bar—George G. Waggoner, Hamilton. lamilton. Car coupling—Hardin Bale, Petersburg. Windmill—Alsom P. Champlin. Avoca. Portable furnace—Adam C. Gilmore, Cen-

ralia. Machine for rolling metal—William D. Hillia, Elgin.
Apparatus for burning hydrocarbons—Alonso C. Rand. Aurora.
Machine for removing snow from railroads—David Townsend, Morrison.
MIGBIGAN.
Potato digger—Moses Johnson, Three Rivers.
Center-board for vessels—James Dean, Detroit.
Tub-washer frame—Batler R. Platt. Plainwell.
Counter limb extensor—Samuel II. Whittlessy,
Central Mine.

Medical compound—Louis W. Wollenweber, Jeffersonville. Hay press—George W. D. Culp, East Enter-

rise. Windmill—James Hall, Ligonier. Millstone dress—Haines O'Conner, Mishawaka Washing machine-John A. King, Hamburg. Sash holder—William W. Amos, Olathe. Hoe-Michael Cookerly, Baxter Springs.

wisconsin.

Sleigh brake-Alvin Derby, Viroqua.

Machine for making chair seats-Sar Cross, Waupun.
Windmill-Isaac H. Palmer, Lodi.

Vice-William II. Jacoby, Minneapolis Spring wagon-John A. Chapman, Roci Tus number of dead letters sent to the department at Washington during the past year was 4,194,748, of which 3,973,075 were domestic, and 221,673

The Second Presidency of Gen. Grant.

From the Nation.

The first term of Gen. Grant began at probably the most unfortunate moment at which any man without the training of a politician and the experience of a statesman could have assumed the responsibilities of the office. The sense of relief from the great strain of the war was present garaging and the first contraction of a delusive inflated currency, was beginning. The first burst of contemporary gratitude to a great soldier was dying out, and the debt due to him from the country he was regarded as having saved was supposed by many to be paid by the gift of its highest office; while the reverential love which a second generation gives a national hero had not yet begun. The disastrous Administration of Andrew Johnson, with its corrupt system of officerbargaining between the President and the Senate, had surrondered no small part of the attributes of the President; so the appointed by the Senate on the nomination of the President. The impeach ent, too, had lessened the public estimation of the office; and to such a degree that respectabe and ordinarily temperate journals and periodicals had attempted to demonstrate that an objectional President might be removed by impeachment, though entirely innectate of high crimes and misdemeanors. There were, moreover, certain personal characteristics of Gen. Grant which tanded strought to make his Administration a failure, but which simplaric indicate that his event which simplaric indicate that his event which a his great lost of their party, but as more politicians of high crimes and misdemeanors. There were, moreover, certain personal characteristics of Gen. Grant which tonded strought to be appointed by the sense of the residency as a defendency of the president might be removed by impeachment, though entirely innectate that an objectional President might be removed by impeachment, though entirely innectate that an objectional President might be removed by impeachment, though entirely innectate that an objectional Pre were, moreover, certain personal characteristics of Gen. Grant which tended strongly to make his Administration a failure, but which, singularly, indicate that his recond Administration will be incomparably be ter

than the first. The first of these personal traits is that characteristic which cannot be readily de-fined, but is well understood in the common self contained; negatively—neither curious, nor inquiring, nor enthusiastic, nor sympathetic. In the army the quality served him both ill and well. As a subaltern, it probably contributed to his failure, being mistaken for indifference and a want of soldiery, ambitious real. When he became a Brigadier-General he was content to be simply General, not flying about among his regiments, drilling, instructing, inquiring, but leaving all regimental work to his reg mental commanders. Officers who served immedia ely under him, and who, fresh from civil life, felt the need of an active superior, never saw him, and regarded him as a listless, indolent and parhaps incompetent commander. But perhaps imcompetent commander. But when he rose to more extended commands, his subordinates gradually learned two things: first, that the responsibility of their command rested entirely upon them-selves; second, that while they would be justly appreciated and generously commend-ed, they would never be interfered with within their own official spheres. Hence grew up that remarkable devotion which led such soldiers as Sherman and McPherson to

house is erected over the tracks, inclosed with glass windows, carpeted and warmed. The handles of the switches come ing of public men save a few officious intermedding members of Congress, and was warned by his Lieutenants that Washington was a den of disaster and iniquity. At the end of the war, when he moved his head-quarters to the scat of Government, he had never studied the work of the politician or the statesman, for it had not been his busi-ness; and because it had not been his business he knew nothing of it or them. Of civil affairs and public men in civil life, he was probably the most ignerant intelligent man in the United States.

> anced judgment, he had continued four or eight years longer in Washington at the head of the army, he would probably have made a great and useful President. As it was he came not to administer but to be taught. There are indications enough that his own modest self-estimate and excellent judgment told him this; but un'ortunately ne had beside him a shallow, seifish, un scrupulous counselor in Mr. Washburn, and he had been crossed and vexed in his brief administration of the War Office by Mr. Johnson, and roused into the desire for power which mortification frequently awakens in men of quiet temperament. He came to the Presidency almost absolutely ignorant, from a civil point of view, of men and things. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should lean upon the few men he knew, and obtain information only from those immediately around him. Yet he had a clear idea that the country needed something more than the management of professional politicians, and that the people looked to him to introduce an era of better things. The idea of admin-istrative reform was not ripe in the public mind, and the desire for a civil service had not a definite form, yet no increase was ever more grateful to the nostrils of a people than the smoke that arose while Gen. Badeau burnt the office-seekers' letters. When Col McClure was sent home with nothing but the title of "The Pennsylvania Politician," and sundry intruding Senators were turned back by the assurance that their assistance was unneeded, the hopes of nearly all men seemed to be no longer deferred. Gen. Grant seemed to be no longer deferred. Gen. Grant saw this plainly, and proceeded in his quiet way to make up his own practical working Csbinet. But when his private "slate" was broken by the declension of Mr. Wilson, and the ineligibility of Mr. Stewart, it disconcerted the plan of his campaign; his ignorance of men was an impediment to further movements, and all his military strategy unaxiling to recover the ground lost by the unavailing to recover the ground lost by the surprise. The confidence of the country in surprise. The confidence of the country in Gen. Grant, especially in his moral courage and firmness and his supposed determination "te fight it out on this line," caused an ap-"te fight it out on this line," caused an ap-parent apathy, influential men leaving the matter placidly to the President, believing that he was abundantly able to hold up his own hands during the emergency. The willy politicians in Congress saw their ad-vantage and seized it. They held before him the fate of his predecessor, and assured him that he would have arrayed against him his own party in Congress. Who conhim his own party in Congress, who con-trolled the press and possessed the car of the public, and they besought him as friends to ioilow in the beaten pathway of Presidents, and warned him that his efforts were conhim his own party in Congress, who sidered blunderings, and were fast becomin ridiculous. The fear of causing new disser sions between Congress and the Executive, a rease of his own inexperience and ignorance, perhaps some dread of having his high military reputation clouded by the ridicule which would be attached to a chimerical and impractical scheme, proved too strong a combination of adverse causes, and Gen-Grant surrendered. If the President had stood firm, throwing upon Congress the re-sponsibility of rejecting Mr. Stewart, and patiently selecting new men who would serve 1877.

Gen. Grant which his first Presidency has hardly called into action, but which in the second may be found to retrieve much of the ground that has been lost. This is ability to learn, and especially to learn wisdom from his own mistakes. The repulse at Belmont (we ther we judge it by his first or substituted report) and the comprehensive strategy of the campaign of 1864-'5 will always seem to be the work of two different men. Yet between the two extremes can be traced his sleady, patient growth; erring, but erring between the two extremes can be traced his sleady, patient growth; erring, but erring less and less; making mistakes, but never repeating the rame one; moving terdily, but aiways in some way at a ning ultimate success. It is on this characteristic that the hopes of his countrymen may now rest. We have reason to believe that during the four years of his term he has been learning as during the four years of the war; that little has eccaped his quiet, unobtrusive attention; and that his knowledge of public men and the wants and interests of the country is incomparably greater than it was. On certhe wants and interests of the country is incomparably greater than it was. On certain subjects, as civil-service reform, he has always been in advance of his party in Congress, and has proved to be much stronger than his party and his party leaders among the people. He owes nothing to Mesers Morton and Cameron, and other managers, and they owe all their present success to him. With the first Presidency we hope the President will consider his debts of gratitude to those gent'cemen felly paid, and himself entirely free to administer the affaire of the executive department exclusively for the welfare of the country.

# Hon. Henry Wilson.

Dardanell's.

Dardanell's.

They try to do these things better in England—Government regulates everything about railways. The road-bed is laid under Government supervision; royal oversight is taken of every rail.

The following besutiful extract is from a speech of Senator Wilson delivered at St. Louis just before the late election:

Gentlemen, I am ready for conciliation, but, with God's blessings, it must be a conciliation in which humanity and the laws of almighty God are not scrifted. [Applauce.] The following besutiful extract is from a speech of Senator Wilson delivered at St. Louis just before the late election:

Gentlemen, I am ready for conciliation, but, with God's blessings, it must be a conciliation in which humanity and the laws of almighty God are not scrifted. [Applauce.] That's the dessert!" Exclaimed's waiter to a countryman, who was described in Jewell county has just pulled one, and now has to part her hair on the side her only arm is on.

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Left the civil affairs of the Government, but, with God's blessings, it must be a conciliation, but, with God's blessings and the laws of Almighty God are not scrifted in Jewell country has just pulled one, and now has to part her hair on the side her only arm is on. I am ready to be conciliated with anybody. I don't know a man or woman on the carth that I cannot meet to night and shake their hand in friendship. I do not like quarrels. I had rather be abused any time and bear wrongs than to inflict them. But, gentlemen, one thing is clear. We had a struggle in this country for forty years. On the one side was the spirit of liberty, born in heaven—a spirit that lifts everybody up, and pulls nobody down. On the other hand was the spirit of slavery, of cast, of privilege, that outrages humanity and divides menkind into classes—a spirit that drags everybody down, and lifts nobody up. We had it in peace; we had it in war, and we have had it sence the war; and, gettlemen, at the sacrifice of

we had it in war, and we have had it since the war; and, gentli men, at the sacrifice of blood, of treasure, of years of strife, we have marched up and reached the shining summits where libe ty dwells and heaven rains down its choicest blessings.

Now, gentlemen, instead of going down from the heights we have struggled for forty years to gain—where we stand—we have gone up ne-rer G.d and tried to carry the world with us, instead of going down. I want to reach down to our Sou hern bret ren and lift them un to the lofty place on which The greatest misfortune that has ever befallen Gen. Grant is that he came to the Preswant to reach down to our Sou hern bret. ren and lift them up to the lofty place on which we stand. [Applause.] I want to breathe into their souls the spirit of patriotism and of that love of country that sacrifices property and life itself to save. I want to breathe into their hearts the love of liberty—liberty for all classes and conditions of men. I want to make their blood loyal and their hearts theel with symmetry. I want to let them idency too young. If with his unerring instinct in the selection of men, his quiet observation, sound sense, and evenly balthrob with sympathy. I want to let them say that they will build up their school houses that shall teach the children and the people the fruth, the trut; that teaches the fatherhood of G d and brotherhood of all humanity. [Applause.] I want to understand just where we are, and with God's help stand there firmly, and if time and the providence of God work in our favor, will we do all we can to take our Southern brothren out all we can to take our Southern brethren out of the depths where slavery and war left them, and carry them up en the lofty plane on which the nation now stands. [Applause.] That is the way to conciliate. It is a change of heirt and reason of our erring and misguided countrymen. Now, gentlemen, humenity demands it—the God of our country demands it—the hope: of coming years demand it, and the good God above us bids us to do it. [Applause.] And, gentlemen, when you ask me to eame down and shake hands with and join with men who are wrong, instead of lifting them up to make them more weak than before, I don't join in that work. I pray God to keep me from it. [Applause.]

Death from a Glandered Horse. A glandered horse belonging to Ros-well C. Miner, of Steuben, N. Y., in blowing from his nostrils discharged a portion of the poisonous mucus, a drop of which entered one of Mr. Miner's eyes. He immediately wiped it out as he supposed, but within twenty-four hours his eye was much swollen, at tended with great pain. Medical aid was procured, and his case pronounced a hopeless one. The virus matter had so penetrated his system that his recovery was pronounced impossible. His flesh turned purple, and was thoroughly impregnated with the poison. He lingered in agony about twenty days, and died a most wretched death. His friends were compelled to bury him in-mediately, and with him the entire bed and bedding on which he had lain. Instances of human death from contact with glandered horses are by uo means uncommon, and the owners of glandered horses should be compelled by law, under heavy penalties, to destroy them immediately upon the discovery of the discare. The late James C. Wilkins, one of the heaviest planters in Mississippi, in 1836, lost seventy-six horses and mules by this fell disease, and was com-pelled to burn his plantation stables, which had cost \$8,000.—Turf, Field and

GEN. GRANT will be 55 years of age then he retires from the Presidency in

The Cobbler's Secret. A waggish cobbler once, in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For due consideration,
A scoret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose:
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pairs of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight
There ran a thousand followsTanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoe
Jolly leather sollers—
All redolent of boef and smcke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow pays his thirty pend
And calls it chesp besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters
And casts around his eyes.
Then curis his lips—the rougus!—then frowns
And then tooks wondrons wise;
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every man of you, I think,
Might learn it if you chose. A good sharp knife is all you need in carrying out my plan; So easy is it, none can fall. Let him be a child or man. To make a hundred pairs of shoes, Just go heck to your shops. And take a hundred pairs of boots And cut off all the tope!"

Varieties FORCED politeness—Bowing to circum

Taz worst thing "under the canopy

A single fact is worth a ship-load of argument

The doctor's work fills six feet of ground, but the dentist's fills an acher

A Western editor says of a neighbor with a quivering eyelid, that he "statters in the left eye." Way was Robinson Crusoe unable to get up an oyster stew? Because he hadn't the skill-it required.

An elderly gentleman was shocked to learn that every fashionable young lady carries a paper to back her.

A PRINTER recently made "Be ye therefore steadfast,"—the text of a min-ister's sermon,—"Be ye there for break-

"THERE, now," cried little Bessie, the other day, rummaging a drawer in the bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles." Ar one of Lord Holland's dinners the Tom Mcore compared it to a potato, because it shoots from the eyes. Byron added, "rather because it becomes all the less by pairing."

This is the worst year that has ever been known in Kansas for pulling guns out of wagons, muzzle first. A woman in Jewell county has just pulled one, and now has to part her hair on the side her

the tapicca at an early stage of the din-ner. "I den't care if it is a desert," tes-tily said the countryman; "I'd eat it if

it was a wilderness." A MINISTER once told Wendell Phil lips that if his business in life were to where the negroes, he ought to go South where they were, and do it." "That is worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," rejoined Mr. Phil-

"I will kill you when I get you in New York," said a Western desperade an acquaintance who he thought had a large amount of money with him, because he would not "rum up." "Why not kill me here in Colorado?" said the moneyed man. "Because they would hang me here, dead sure! but in New York they would decide that you killed me, or that I was insane."

A sanguine young Ohio blacksmith had faith in his ability to make himself the receptacle for four pints of raw whisky within fifteen minutes. vagered twenty-five dollars to that effect, with a sceptic of his neighborhood, and made the village bar-room the see of his brutish performance. Upon his neat and unornamental tombstone, now in process of construction, will be inscribed the simple epitaph, 'smiled' and died.'

A MICHIGAN schoolmaster says: wil spel enny man woman or child in the hull state for a dickshunary, or kash priz of one hundred dollars a side, the money to be awarded by a kommittee of clergymen or skool direktors. There has been a darned site of blowin about my spellin, and now i want them to put ne up or to shet up. I wont be put down a passel of ignaramusses because I differ with noah webster's stile of

#### Truthful "John." "John," of the New York &

spreads the pinions of truthfulness:
"I swallowed the second joint of the starboard codfish ball, and thought of what a narrow escape I had once in a foreign land. It was in New Jersey, where I had to wear an old iron grate over my face of nights to keep the mosquitoes from digging wells into my head. One night I awoke from a deep trance. In my dreams I thought I had married Mis Amelia Spotted Tail. When I awoke I found I hadn't; but I found I swoke I found I hadn't; but I found a mosquito at work at the grate whetting his sucker on it preparatory to sampling me, when swift Jersey justice came to the rescue. The police rushed in and arrested him for opening a bar without a license, and that saved me."

What sloohel does for men, opium is doing for women. The Bureau of Statistics reports three hundred and fifteen tistics reports three hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred pounds of pre-pared opium as being imported into this ccuntry during the year 1871, to supply the demand of the unfortunate

# Slaughter of the Buffalo.

Thousands upon thousands of buffalo hides are being brought in here by hunters. In some places whole acres of ground are covered with hides, spread out with the fleshy side up to dry. It is estimated that there are, south of the Arkansas and west of Wichits, from one to two thousand men shooting buffalo for their hides alone. Is it any wonder that the red man sometimes protests that the red man sometimes pragainst this wanton destruction cattle?—Wichita Eagle.